

How a Newport Boarding-House Keeper's Daughter Married into the "400"

Like a Modern Cinderella Is the Surprising Romance of Dorothy Bateman Who Was Handed Riches, Estates and a Fashionable Husband Just as in the Fairy Books

THE fascinating, Cinderella-like romance of Miss Dorothy Bateman, of Newport, has now reached its happy climax. This fortunate young woman, who was a Newport boarding-house keeper's daughter, inherited unexpectedly a fortune of \$500,000 and has now married a distinguished member of the fashionable colony, Dr. Horace P. Beck, with whom she will enjoy a most enviable position in society's Summer capital.

The \$500,000 was left to Miss Bateman by that eccentric multi-millionaire Ross Winans, who inherited a vast fortune founded on the construction of the first Russian railroads. Mr. Winans's son, Tom Winans, married Victoria Delgado, a lovely Spanish dancer. She derived additional interest from the fact that her equally lovely sister, Maria Delgado, married that great Indian prince, the Maharajah of Kapurthala, who possesses the world's most precious jewel collection. Victoria Delgado is dead and only recently the Maharajah of Kapurthala won a suit in Paris establishing her right to act as guardian of her deceased sister's children and of their share of the Winans fortune. Many European titled houses are allied to the Winans family. One of Ross Winans's daughters, Beatrice, married the Prince de Bearn-Chalais, of France.

Ross Winans possessed a splendid mansion on the Ocean Drive at Newport as well as estates in Baltimore and various other parts of the world.

His will divided the bulk of his vast fortune among various members of his family, but left half a million dollars to Dorothy Bateman, a very handsome and striking girl of nineteen, as a reward for "her kind and gentle ministrations to him." Mr. Winans explained in his will that Miss Bateman had taken care of him very kindly at various times when he had boarded with her mother and his legacy was an evidence of his appreciation of her services.

In a letter written to his oldest daughter, Mrs. Gaudy Hutton, of Newport, he went into greater detail and urged her to see that his wishes were fulfilled without friction or unpleasant discussion. The contents of this letter were never made public, but Newport was certainly a hotbed of discussion following the publication of the will.

The oldest daughter took her father's side and insisted that he had a perfect right to leave his money as he pleased. The rest of the family wanted to fight the bequest in the open, and for months there was a very pretty split between the two factions. The legacy was paid, however, and then Dorothy Bateman, heiress to more money than she ever dreamed of possessing, set out to realize her ideals.

When her fortune, so surprisingly acquired, was placed in her hand, the young heiress definitely made her plans to become a member of the colony. And in so doing turned her townpeople against her, which was a very sad mistake, indeed, for Dorothy had been born and brought up in the town of Newport. She attended the public schools and her friends were the daughters of the all-year-round residents.

A wide gulf separates the permanent population of the town from the Summer members. The former are never permitted to encroach on the preserves of the latter, except when service of some sort is needed. The two sets of young people never meet or play together, just because "it is never done." The dangers of intermarrying are too great.

Miss Bateman did not realize the impossibility of crossing the gulf, but in the innocence of her soul assumed that her fortune would make people forget that her mother kept boarders.

Her first step was to make her mother give up her business; then she did over the old home, making a very attractive place of it, with its wide tree-shaded grounds and dignified setting. Her second step was to drop many of the girls who had been her friends since childhood. Of course, they hated her and called her a snob.

Then she joined the Casino and attempted to take part in the tennis games. The girls of the colony froze her out time and again, but she pluckily stuck to her guns all that first Summer. Finally, some of the impetuous men in the colony took her up and it was no secret that more than one asked her to marry him. But none of these men could have given her any social standing, for they were only tolerated by society because they could dance and play around with its idle women.

Financially, while Dorothy's fortune did not compare with the usual Newport wealth, it made her attractive to these male vampires. They were always glad, when there was no one in sight, to hop into her expensive, long-bodied roadster, and go motoring on the island roads. They were equally glad to drop in at "Bateman's" for lunch or tea, but they never joined her at Bailey's Beach, nor during the crowded hour at the Casino.

As might have been expected, before the Summer ended the heiress was a very lonely young woman. She did not like any of the men who tagged her around, knowing them to be fortune-hunters, and even the women who had boarded with her mother would hardly bow to her. Bellevue avenue and the Cliffs ignored her cruelly. Then she turned desperately back to her girlhood friends and they would have nothing to do with her.

Bereft of all friends, the unhappy heiress spent the Winter travelling; but back she went to Newport in the Spring, determined to win out in her fight. Again she failed. By this time she was so disgusted with her experiences that she gave up going to the fashionable resorts.

There were plenty of nice townpeople who would have gladly welcomed her in the beginning. In fact, she could have made herself leader in the town society if she had never attempted to enter the fashionable set. Her \$30,000 yearly income would have made her a very big frog in its small pool, but she lost her chance right at the start, and there seemed to be no second opportunity. Heartbroken, the heiress faced the situation and decided to break away from her old home. She could have gone to a distant city and formed new friends but her spirit was cruelly wounded by her bitter experience, and she found herself hating all men and women.

In her heart she hated the men the most, because they had courted her only for her fortune. During the weeks when she was planning to run away from every one and everything, Dorothy took long, lonely rides out in the country in her motor. One day she stopped for lunch on a rocky point near Little Compton, a quaint little hamlet many miles from Newport. The beauty of the sea and woods appealed to her troubled spirit and she suddenly decided to bury herself there until her wounds were healed.

And now we enter upon the third phase of her life, a phase that was to last more than two years and be the prelude to her great adventure. One day the fisherfolk and lobster men along the shore were surprised to see smoke curling up from a charming rustic bungalow nestled among the rocks. A big police dog stalked sedately along the veranda and there were piles of luggage in the background. A slim young girl in a short skirt and gay sweater flitted in and about the place. The heiress had taken possession of her new home and was facing a new life.

All Winter she stayed and her gay little figure was soon a familiar sight among the rocks. She made no friends and had no callers. Little Compton began to call her the hermit and left her severely alone.

Dr. Horace P. Beck, the Fashionable Newport Physician, Who Has Married Miss Bateman.



"In the days of hard work at the boarding-house she dreamed of that circle of luxury and gaiety that was so near and yet so far."

"I reckon she didn't know about the doc," drawled an old fisherman, "and I bet he don't know nuthin' 'bout the gal. If he hears he won't be liable to like it."

And so the man enters the story and threatens to disrupt this Garden of Eden with its lovely little Eve. No, the "gal" did not know about the "doc." She realized that some one must live in the Summer in the camp just across from the big rock, but the Summer seemed far away and her thoughts were filled with too much bitterness for her even to think of the future.

However, the Summer came and with it the "doc," who honestly swore when he found the neighboring rock occupied by the new bungalow. He, too, was a hermit, made so by an unhappy love affair, of which all the fisherfolk were aware.

Dr. Horace Beck was a Newporter, one of the foremost physicians in the town and a prominent man of affairs. His practice was divided between the townspeople and the wealthy Summer residents. Two years before our romance begins he had been deeply in love with a girl, who flitted him the week before they were to have been married. She was a Summer girl who visited among the families on the cliffs, and she had met the physician first in a professional way. Their engagement lasted six months, but it was against her family's wishes, and in the end she broke his heart.

This turned the doctor into a morose creature, who hated Newport in the Summer. He could stand it during the Winter, when his professional and public duties kept him from brooding. But in the Summer, when the girl's friends returned, he fled to the camp he had built years before on the rocks. For two Summers he lived by himself in his cabin, going back and forth to Newport when duty called, but never having any company in his lonely hut by the sea. For him romance was dead. He hated girls and avoided even the country people about him.

The heiress hated her neighbor because he was a man, and all men were fortune hunters just as all women were cats. She wouldn't run away, either. The man could keep his distance and she had Fritz, her dog. That was final.

Early morning swimming is delightful. The girl always rose with the dawn and swam under the rays of the rising sun. Well, the doctor did the same. Every morning a red-capped figure slipped into the water from one side of the big rocks and a dark-haired figure slipped off the other side. They had the ocean to themselves, but they never spoke. And, of course, no one ever knew the other was about. Later two people ate separate breakfast, still later one hermit went off to fish while the other sat on the rocks—and watched the fisherman. She knew every time he had a bite and every time he made a killing. But the man did not know this. He soon realized, though, that he caught more fish when she was on the rocks, because he did not have to keep one eye on the bungalow to see why she did not appear.

The heaven was working. They ignored each other, but as the weeks went by each was overwhelmingly conscious of the other. "Another fortune hunter!" was the girl's comment. "Another false flirt!" was the man's answer.

Doctor Beck, being a Newporter, knew all about Dorothy and her legacy, but being a busy man he had not heard all the details of her assault on society. He supposed she was grieving, like himself, over a heart-breaking sorrow. Gradually he found himself wishing that he knew the man and might kill him.

"He's doing the crawl," she murmured. "I wonder if he ever will get me?"

Of course, the hermit got her. He explained later that she could have made it herself when she got her nerve back, and so he did not save her life. But she knew he had, and told him so. After that they took their morning swims together and caught fish from the same boat and read from the same book. And a few short weeks ago they came to New York and were married, and are going to live happily ever after.

The doctor was no fortune hunter. The heiress's fortune made no difference to him, for he is well off and can have all the wealthy patronage he wishes. The half-million left by Mr. Winans has been settled on the bride, and her husband will not even let her pay any share of the household expenses. He has a charming house in Newport, where, as his wife, Dorothy will assume an excellent social position, and next Summer there is every evidence that she will be on cordial terms with the women of the colony who snubbed her last year.

They will forgive her for trying to become a part of their set. It remains to be seen whether Mrs. Beck intends to forgive them!



The Maharajah of Kapurthala, Whose Deceased Sister Married Ross Winans's Son, and Who Was Somewhat Perturbed by the Winans Bequest to Miss Bateman Because It Diminished the Estate of Her Little Nephew and Niece.

Dorothy, for her part, knew the doctor's tragic story, and how she did hate that wretched flirt. Why, she hated her far worse than any of those horrid fortune hunters!

All this time Fate was laughing in her sleeve. She had one trump card to play, and finally she played it. One morning in late August Dorothy slipped off the rocks for her usual swim and headed for a buoy well out to sea. The tide was strong, and on the way back her heart suddenly failed her. She knew she never could make shore, and there was no one to help. Turning on her back, she tried to float, but her terror was too great. Suddenly she saw her brother hermit cutting madly through the waves toward her.

photo by SIMA DUPONT.

Miss Dorothy Bateman, the Newport Boarding-Housekeeper's Daughter, Who Received \$500,000 Under Ross Winans's Will and Has Now Married Dr. Horace P. Beck, the Favorite Physician of the Fashionable Summer Colony.